



ACTION!

SUSPENSE!

THRILLS!

BLUE BOLT

ADVENTURES

MAR NO. 104
10



SOMETHING WENT
WRONG! THIS BIG
APE ISN'T ACTING!

KEEP THOSE
CAMERAS
ROLLING...
THIS IS
TERRIFIC!

**MORE ACTION!
MORE THRILLS!
MORE EXCITEMENT!**

In the Adventure Packed Pages
of this Big Issue, featuring

**BLUE BOLT • CHAMELEON
TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS**



**THE TRUE LIFE STORY of
BOB FITZSIMMONS**

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WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

BLUE BOLT

THE AMERICAN

BLUE BOLT, ACE PILOT FOR "GLIMPSSES," THE PICTURE MAGAZINE, BATTLES TO HELP A YOUNGSTER ENMESHED IN \$3,000,000 WORTH OF TROUBLE!

FLY TO LAS ROSAS ISLAND IN THE WEST INDIES. SOME TWELVE YEAR OLD KID INHERITED A THREE MILLION BUCK SUGAR PLANTATION!

WOW! THAT'S A LOTTA SUGAR!

PETER BLACK IS HIS NAME! -- AND BRING BACK A GOOD STORY!

Soon--

WHAT A RACKET WE GOT, BLUE BOLT! IMAGINE BEING PAID FOR A VACATION IN A LAND OF SUNSHINE AND SENORITAS!

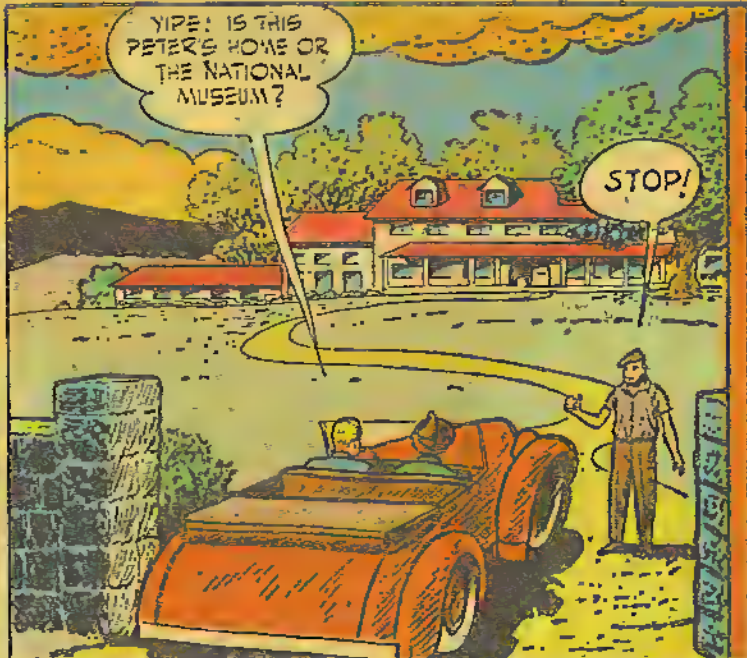
WAIT AND SEE, CHUM -- YOU MAY BE SURPRISED!



FEW HOURS LATER, IN LAS ROSAS

I TELEGRAPHED FOR AN INTERVIEW, SO WE SHOULDN'T HAVE ANY TROUBLE!

TROUBLE IN THIS PARADISE? DON'T BE SILLY!



AS PLANTATION MANAGER, I FORBID YOU TO ENTER!

AW, MR. NAVLIFE, WHAT'S THE HARM?

I WANT MY PICTURE TAKEN!

QUIET, PETER!

HOLD IT, GENTS!

THAT DOES IT!

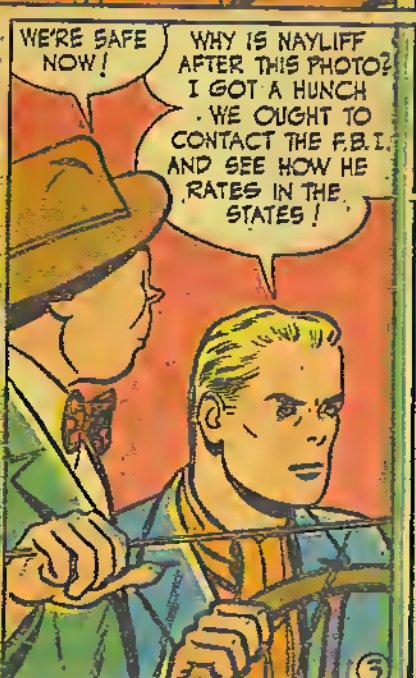
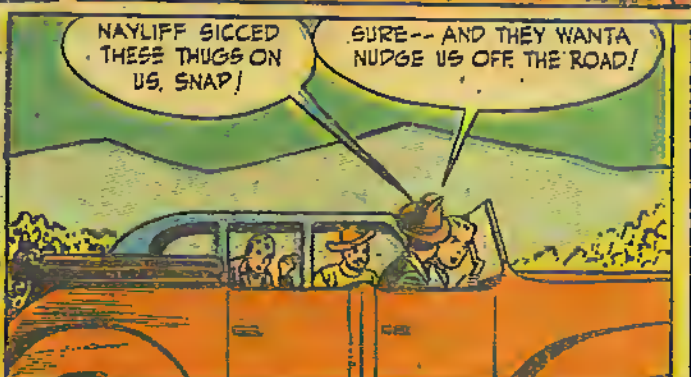
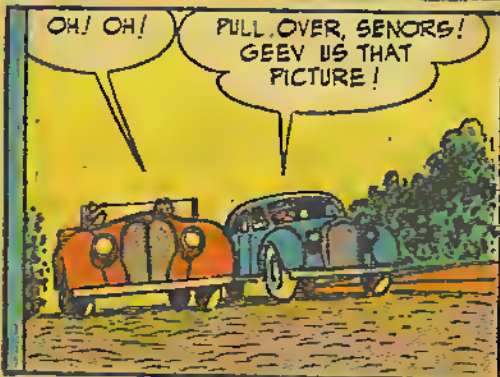
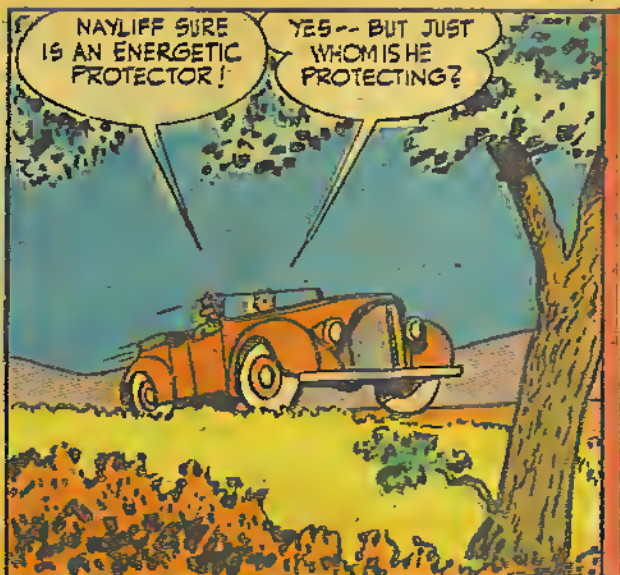
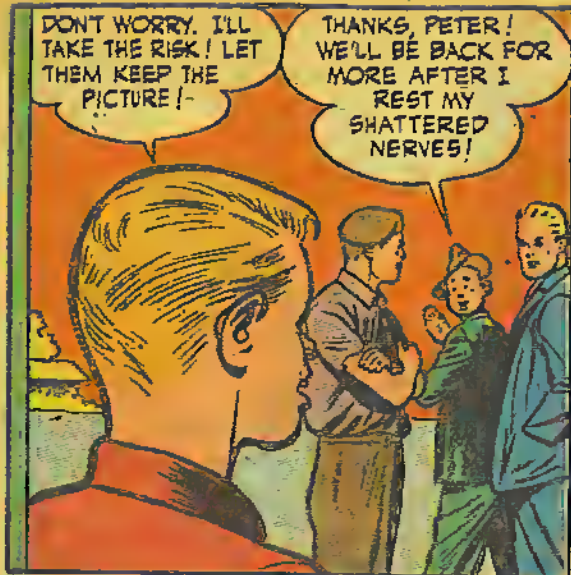
WHAT? GIVE ME THAT PICTURE!

I'LL BREAK YOUR BLASTED SNOOPING NOSE!

COOL OFF, FRIEND!

NOW! WHAT'S YOUR GRIPE?

WHY-- ER-- IT ENDANGERS PETER! CROOKS MIGHT BE INSPIRED TO POUNCE ON THE WEALTH OF A HELPLESS CHILD!



SOON-- MY OWN HUNCH, PAL, IS THAT 'GLIMPSES' WON'T PAY FOR SENDING THIS WIREPHOTO, IF NAYLIFF TURNS OUT TO BE OKAY!

ALL WE CAN DO NOW IS WAIT FOR THE REPLY!

BLUE BOLT'S HUNCH PAYS OFF!

HOLY COW! THAT KID'S IN DANGER!

WE BETTER GET PETER BEFORE THAT VULTURE GRABS HIS DOUGH!

BUT SUDDENLY--

THE STEEL CABLE STOPPED 'EM IN A HURRY!

UNFORTUNATELY, THEY STILL LIVE! TAKE THEM TO THE OLD DUNGEON!

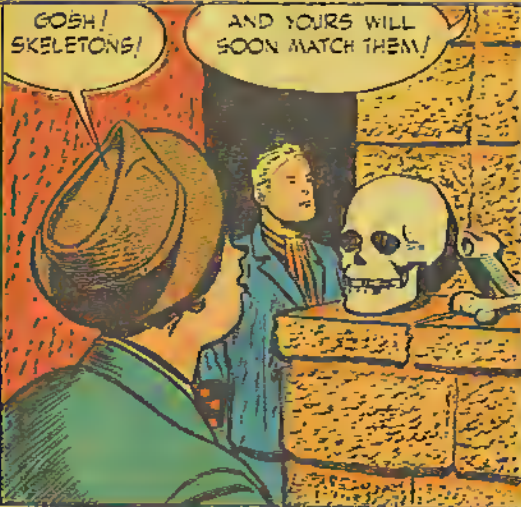
OH, MY POOR HEAD!

YOU MUST BE DULL, NOT TO REALIZE I HAVE INFORMERS IN TOWN! I KNOW YOU RATED TO THE F.B.I. -- BUT I'M SAFE HERE!

DOWN YOU GO!

GOSH!
SKELETONS!

AND YOURS WILL
SOON MATCH THEM!



PETER AND I ARE GOING ON A
FISHING CRUISE-- AND WHEN HE
'ACCIDENTALLY' FALLS OVERBOARD
TO THE SHARKS, HIS ENTIRE ESTATE
BECOMES MINE-- I'VE MADE
SURE OF THAT!



WEIGHT THE GRATING
WITH SACKS OF SUGAR!
THEY MUST NEVER
ESCAPE!



SAMSON HIMSELF
COULDN'T LIFT FIVE
TONS OF SUGAR!
WHAT A SWEET
WAY TO DIE!

SAY! MAYBE
WE CAN
SPLASH OUR
WAY OUT!



GET THE
IDEA,
SNAP?

YEAH! THE
WATER WILL
DISSOLVE THE
SUGAR AND
CARRY IT
OFF!



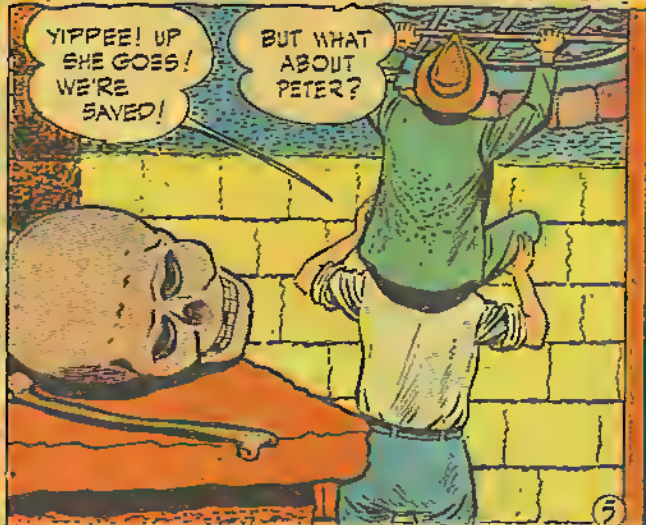
RIGHT! BUT IT'LL
TAKE A LONG TIME!
GET BUSY!



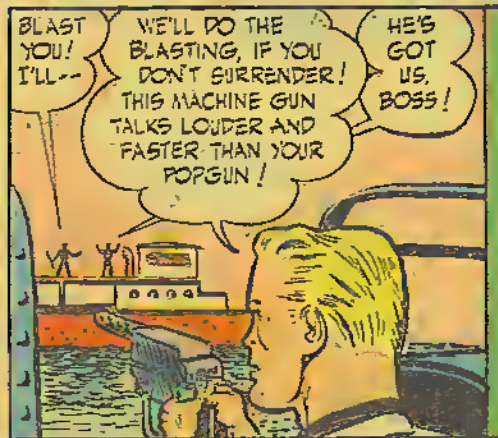
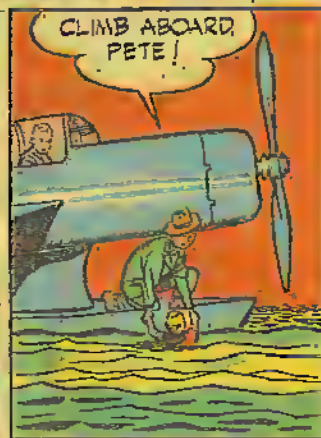
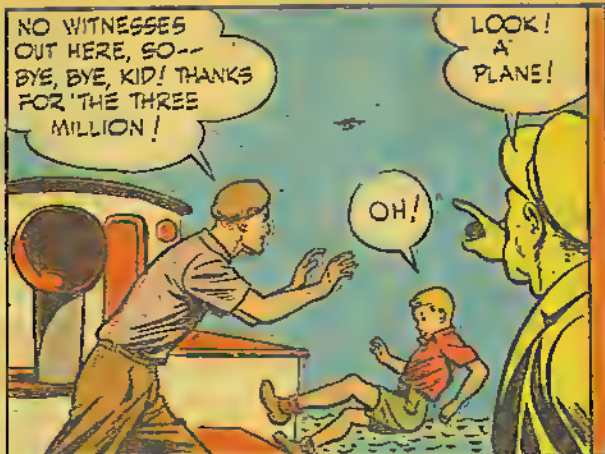
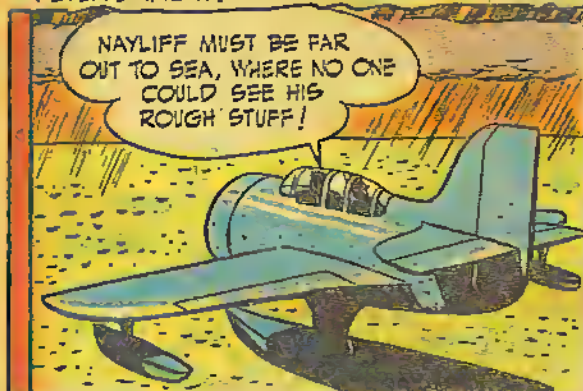
!! HOURS OF SPLASHING FINALLY WASH THE SUGAR OFF!

YIPPEE! UP
SHE GOES!
WE'RE
SAVED!

BUT WHAT
ABOUT
PETER?



BLUE BOLT SOON PATROLS THE SEA FOR PETER'S YACHT!



"THE Chameleon"

WANTED FOR MURDER!



PETE STOCKBRIDGE
ALIAS "THE CHAMELEON"

HEIGHT 6'2"; WEIGHT 210 lbs.; EYES, BLUE;
HAIR, BLOND---DISTINGUISHING MARKS, NONE
THIS MAN IS WANTED FOR THE
MURDER OF AN UNKNOWN GIRL.. BE
CAREFUL OF HIM -- HE IS A VERY
DANGEROUS CRIMINAL!

Do You Believe This?

LEAVE IT TO THE
CHAMELEON TO GET
IN SUCH A JAM--- BUT WATCH
THE MASTER OF DISGUISE AS
HE GOES TO WORK TO FREE
HIMSELF FROM THE THREAT
OF THE ELECTRIC CHAIR, IN--

"KILLER'S
HOLIDAY"



NIGHT IN NEW YORK, AND PETE STOCKBRIDGE FINDS NOTHING BUT BOREDOM AFTER HIS EXCITING ADVENTURES OVERSEAS.

HO, HUM! WHAT DOES A GUY DO IN A BIG TOWN LIKE THIS? IT'S NOISY BUT DEAD!

SUDDENLY--!

HEY!
WHAT--

WHOOPS
EXCUSE
ME!

OOOH! I'M SO SCARED!
A MAN HAS BEEN
CHASING ME---
WANTS TO
KILL ME!

RELAX,
MISS--YOUR
IMAGINATION
IS PLAYING
TRICKS
ON YOU!

PEOPLE DON'T RUN
AFTER OTHER PEOPLE,
WANTING TO KILL
THEM--FOR NO
REASON! C'MON--
FORGET ABOUT IT!

OH! I
DO
HOPE
YOU'RE
RIGHT! I
WAS SO
SCARED!

WOULD YOU
HONOR ME BY
COMING TO A
NIGHT CLUB?
YOU'LL FORGET
ALL ABOUT IT
THERE!

I'D
LOVE
TO! HOW
ABOUT
THE
CRANE CLUB?

AT THE FASHIONABLE CRANE CLUB--

GOOD EVENING,
MR. STOCKBRIDGE!

'EVENING, ERIC!
TABLE FOR
TWO, PLEASE!

HHMM! WONDER
WHAT'S WITH
THIS CHICK?
BETTER KEEP
MY EYES
OPEN--

AN HOUR LATER, AND PETE PRETENDS TO BE INTOXICATED!

HIC!

LISTEN--
WISH, HAVE
SOME OF THIS WINE,
--IS GOOD, HONESH!

OH, THANK
YOU--I'VE
HAD
ENOUGH!

**LOOK! THE
MAN WHO
FOLLOWED ME!
THERE HE IS!**

HUH?
WHERE?

**SUDDENLY THE LIGHTS
GO OUT, AND---**

BANG

THE LIGHTS GO ON AGAIN -- BUT, SLUMPED BACK IN HER CHAIR IS THE GIRL, AND ON THE TABLE, BEFORE PETE, IS THE SMOKING MURDER-GUN---

HOLY SMOKE!

SHE-- SHE'S SHOT!

YOU DID IT! YOU KILLED HER!

WHY-- THAT'S PETE STOCKBRIDGE!

GRAB 'IM! DON'T LET HIM GET AWAY!

THE ENRAGED CROWD RUSHES FOR PETE, AND HE IS LOST IN THE MAZE OF BODIES---

WHERE IS HE?

HOLD HIM!

THE YELLA--

I GOT 'IM!

THAT'S ME, YOU CHUMP!

-- IN THE CONFUSION, THE MASTER OF DISGUISE ACTS WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHT, STRIPPING OFF HIS COAT, HE GRABS A WAITER'S COAT, SMEARS POLISH ON HIS HAIR, PUTTY ON HIS NOSE, AND HE EMERGES LOOKING LIKE THIS--

KEEP LOOKING FER 'M, BOYS! I'LL CALL THE COPPERS!

YEAH! HURRY, WAITER!

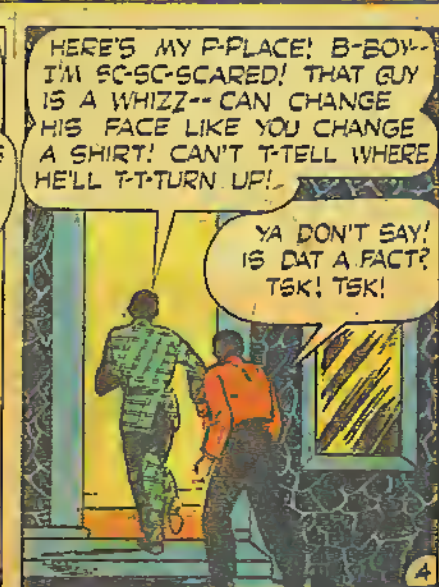
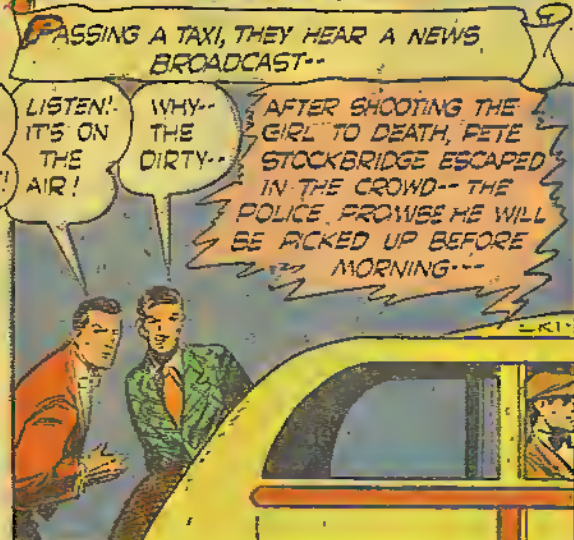
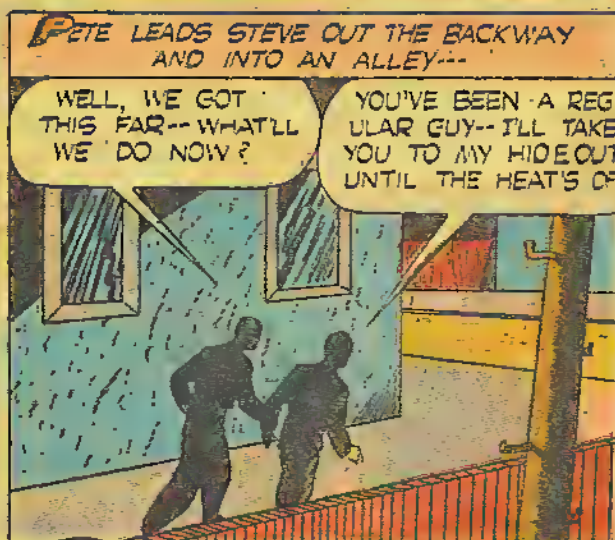
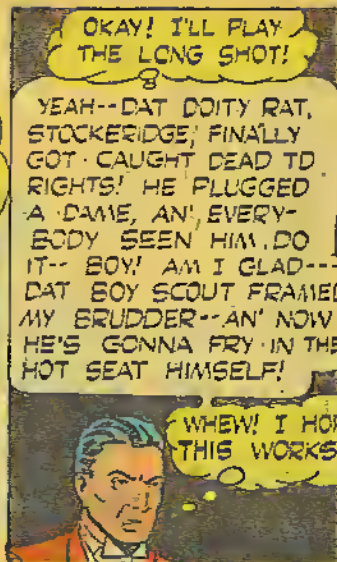
BOY! OH, BOY! I REALLY GOT MYSELF IN A NICE MESS! WHAT'LL I DO?

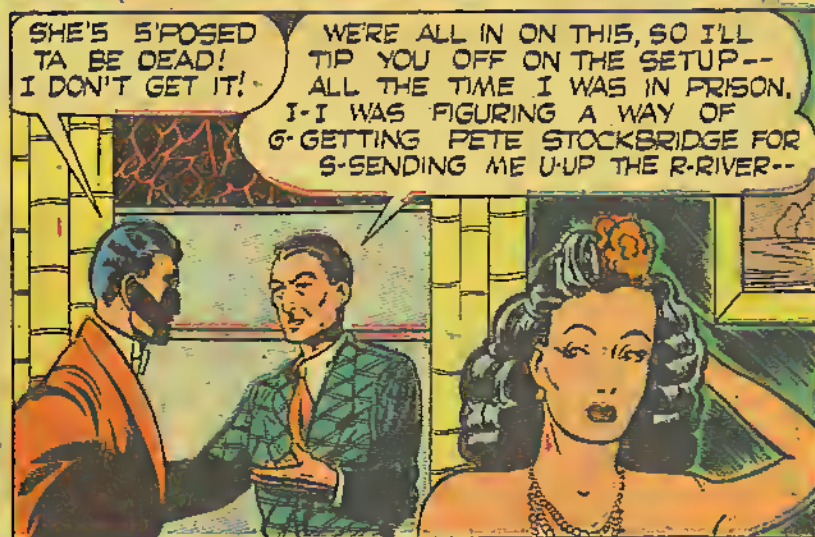
NOW, I'M WANTED FOR MURDER! AND I'LL GET THE CHAIR IF I DON'T FIND THE REAL KILLER--BUT, HOW?

HEY! WHD'S THAT?

WHA-WHA-- WHAT D-DO Y-YOU W-WANT?

OH! EXCUSE ME, SIR!





AW-- WH-WH-WHAT'M
I WORRIED ABOUT? I'M
IN THE CLEAR--EVEN
THE CHAMELEON C-CAN'T
KN-KNOW I'M THE ONE
WHO T-TRIED TO FRAME
HIM!

CHEE! YOUSE
IS SURE SMART,
BOSS! YA GOTTA
HEAD ON YER
NECK!

SURE! I'M
TOO SMART
FOR PETE
STOCKBRIDGE!

DAT'S RIGHT!
BUT IF I WUZ
A GAMBLER--



--I'D HATE TA BET
ON ANYBODY ELSE
TAKIN' ON OA
CHAMELEON!

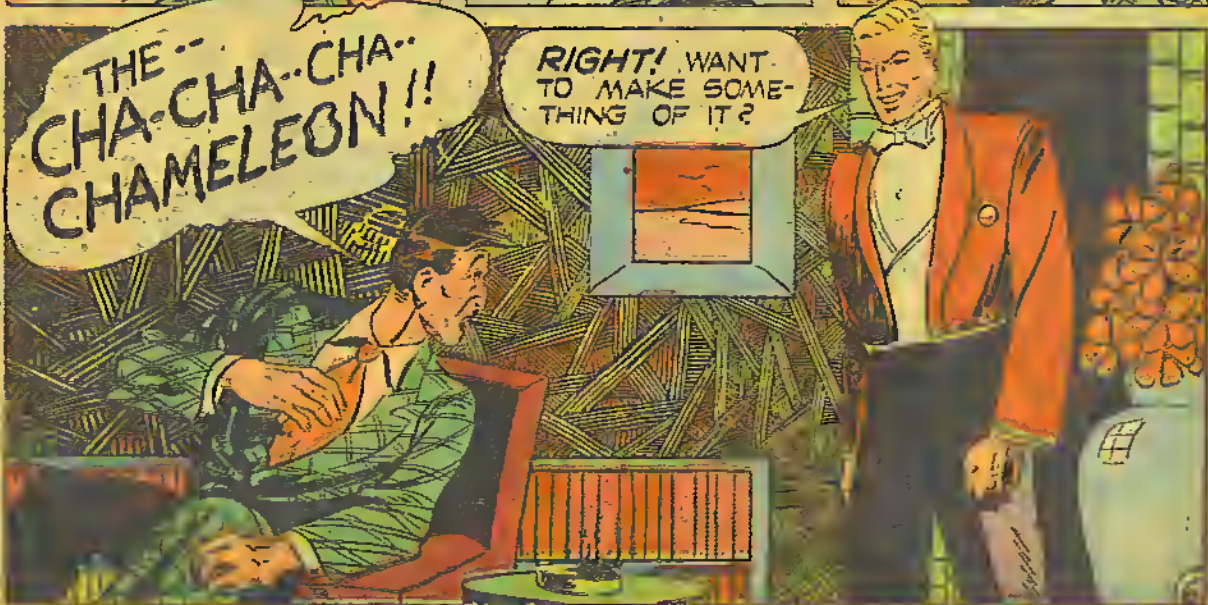
HOWEVER,--
IN THE POSITION
YOU ARE NOW--

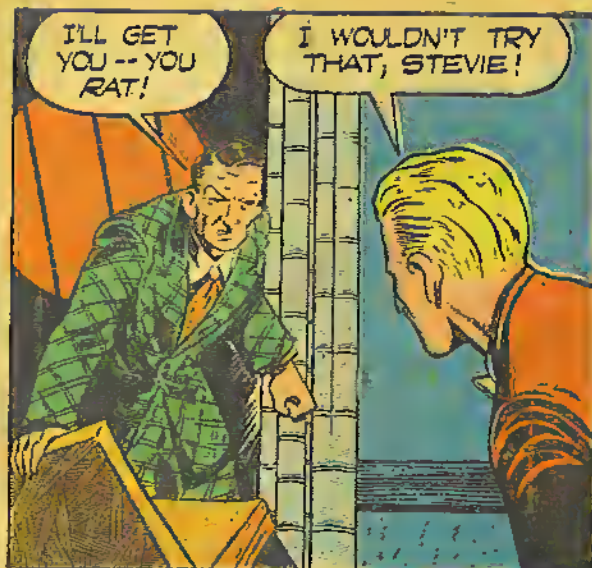
--I'M AFRAID YOUR CHANCES
ARE QUITE DUBIOUS,
STUTTERING STEVE!



THE --
CHA-CHA-CHA--
CHAMELEON!!

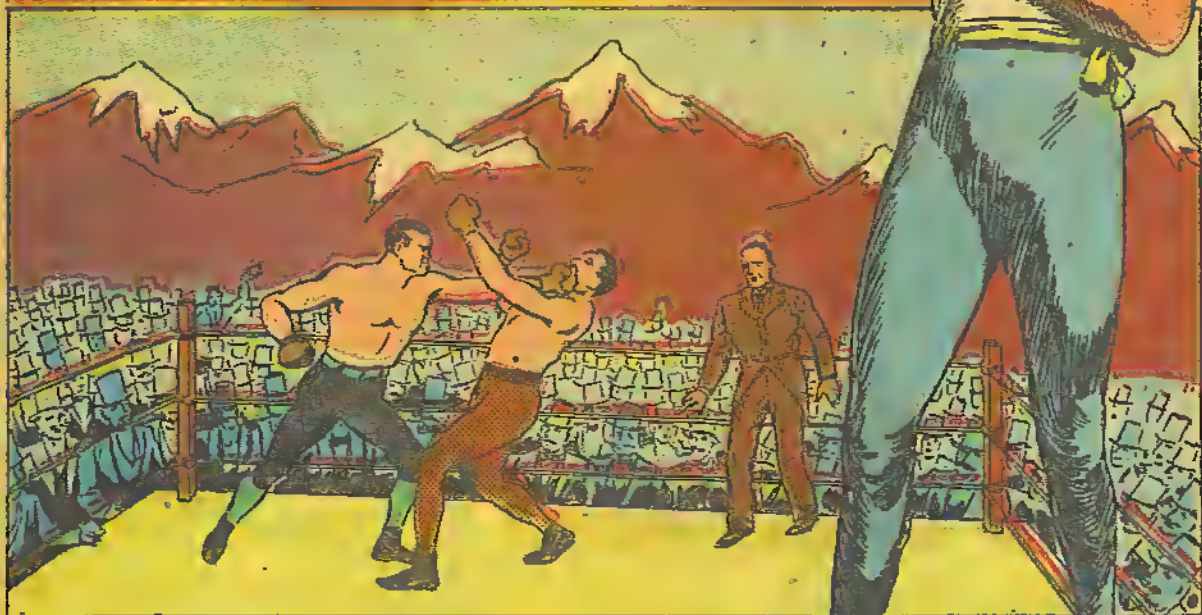
RIGHT! WANT
TO MAKE SOME-
THING OF IT?





HERE IS THE AMAZING STORY OF "Ruby Rob" Fitzsimmons

WHO, AT 18, KNOCKED OUT 4 MEN
IN ONE NIGHT; WON THE HEAVY-
WEIGHT CROWN AT 35;
HAD HIS LAST PROFESSIONAL
FIGHT WHEN OVER 50!



FITZ WAS BORN IN CORNWALL,
ENGLAND, IN 1862. HE INHERITED
HIS FIGHTING ABILITIES FROM
HIS FATHER, WHO WAS "BEST MAN"
IN THE COUNTY.

WHEN FITZ
WAS A BOY,
THE FAMILY
EMIGRATED
TO NEW
ZEALAND.

SOME DAY HI'M
GOIN' TO BE HAS
STRONG HAS
MY POP!

BEIN' HAN HAPPRENTICE
BLACKSMITH 'AS GIVEN
ME STRONG MUSCLES
THAT'LL COME IN
'ANDY!

SO YE STILL
PLAN TO BE
A FIGHTER,
WOT?

IN 1880, FITZ ENTERED JIM MACE'S AMATEUR BOXING TOURNAMENT AT TIMARO, NEW ZEALAND.



THAT'S THE FOURTH MAN THIS 18-YEAR-OLD REDHEAD HAS KNOCKED OUT TONIGHT.

HE'S OUR RUBY ROB.

TURNING PRO FITZ BEAT HERB SLADE, WHO WAS BOOKED TO FIGHT CHAMP JOHN L. SULLIVAN IN THE U.S.A.



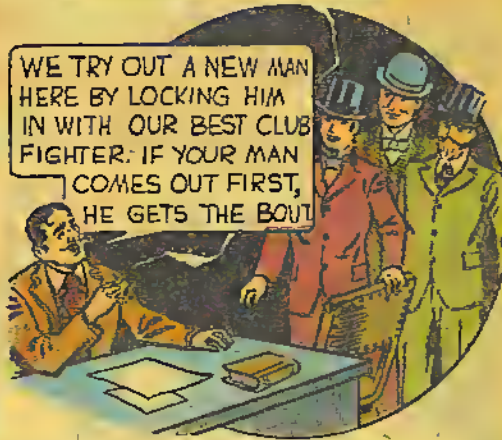
DEFEATING ALL COMERS IN NEW ZEALAND, FITZ CAME TO THE STATES... SAN FRANCISCO, 1890

BARNEY FARLEY, YOU'RE GOIN' TO BE MY MANAGER. FIRST GET ME A MEAL, 'CAUSE H'IM BROKE.

SURE. THEN WE'LL GET YOU A TRYOUT AT THE OLYMPIC CLUB.



WE TRY OUT A NEW MAN HERE BY LOCKING HIM IN WITH OUR BEST CLUB FIGHTER. IF YOUR MAN COMES OUT FIRST, HE GETS THE BOUT.



FITZ WAS GIVEN HIS FIRST FIGHT. FROM THAT TIME ON, HIS STAR BEGAN TO RISE....

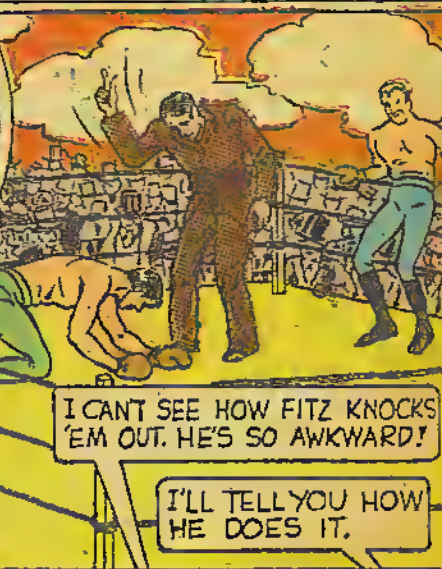


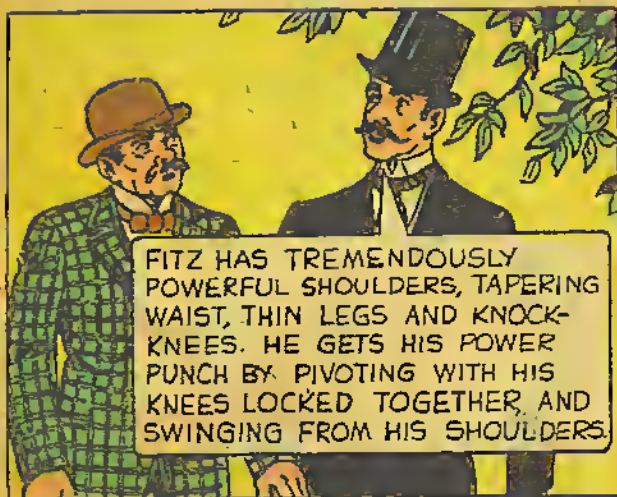
WELL, MISTER. GUESS HI GETS THE FIGHT.



I CAN'T SEE HOW FITZ KNOCKS 'EM OUT. HE'S SO AWKWARD!

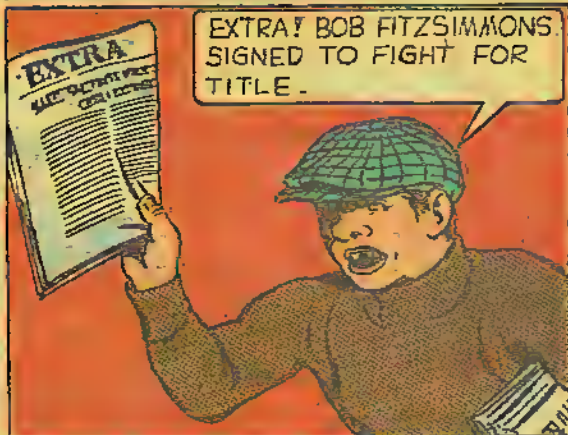
I'LL TELL YOU HOW HE DOES IT.





FITZ HAS TREMENDOUSLY POWERFUL SHOULDERS, TAPERING WAIST, THIN LEGS AND KNOCK-KNEES. HE GETS HIS POWER PUNCH BY PIVOTING WITH HIS KNEES LOCKED TOGETHER, AND SWINGING FROM HIS SHOULDERS.

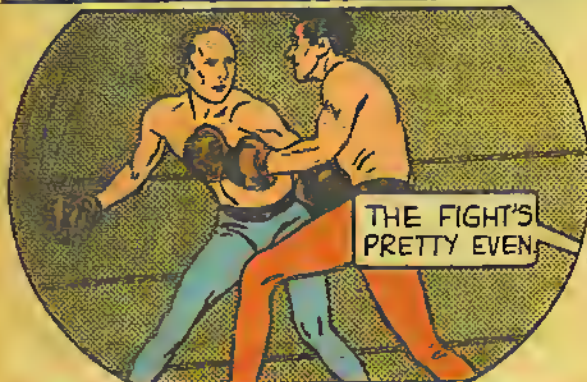
FITZ CONTINUED TO BEAT ALL COMERS.



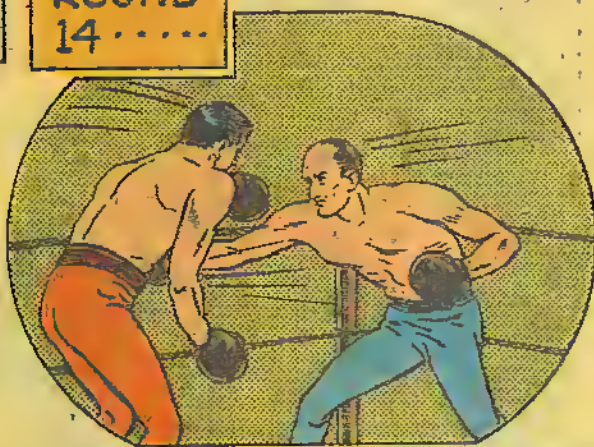
EXTRA! BOB FITZSIMMONS SIGNED TO FIGHT FOR TITLE.

FITZ FOUGHT CHAMP JIM CORBETT FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE AT CARSON CITY, NEV., MARCH 17, 1897....

ROUND
14.....



THE FIGHT'S PRETTY EVEN.



FITZ WON THE TITLE WHEN 35 YEARS OLD, AN AGE WHEN MOST ATHLETES ARE THROUGH.

FITZ CONTINUED TO FIGHT ANYONE ANY TIME, AND SPENT HIS MONEY AS FAST AS HE EARNED IT....



WHAT KIND OF PUNCH DID FITZ KNOCK OUT CORBETT WITH, DOC?

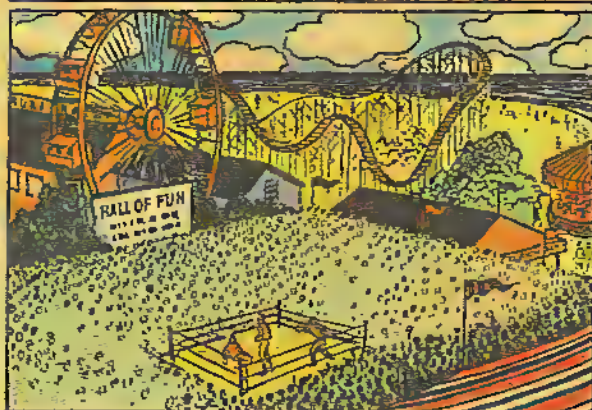
HE HIT CORBETT IN THE SOLAR PLEXUS, THE REGION JUST UNDER THE JUNCTURE OF THE RIBS.



DON'T SPARE THE HORSES, FOLKS. FITZ IS THE 'OST.

FITZ IS SOME SWELL FELLER.

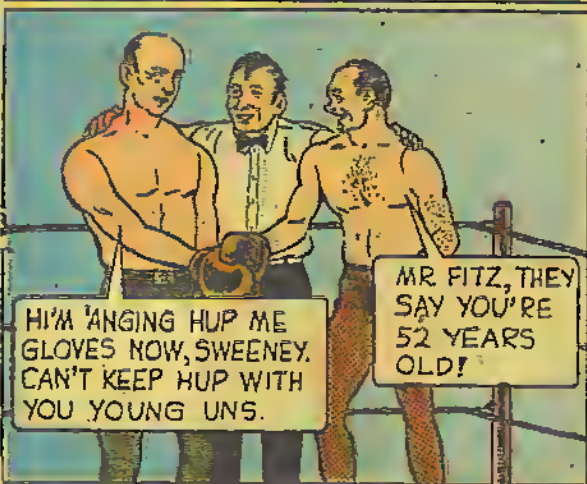
FITZ LOST THE TITLE TO CHALLENGER JIM JEFFRIES AT CONEY ISLAND, N. Y., JUNE 9, 1900.



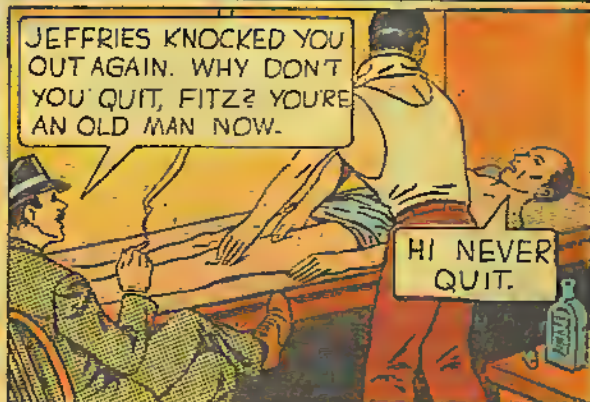
FITZ KEPT GOING. HE WON THE LIGHT-HEAVYWEIGHT TITLE FROM GEORGE GARDNER IN 20 ROUNDS, DESPITE A HEAVY COLD, RAW, OPEN FOOT BLISTERS, AND A BROKEN HAND!



STILL EARNING HIS LIVING WITH HIS FISTS, FITZ, ON JAN. 29, 1914..



CONTINUING TO FIGHT, FITZ WAS GIVEN A RETURN BOUT BY JEFFRIES AT SAN FRANCISCO, JULY 25, 1903.....



FITZ EARNED OVER \$500,000 FIGHTING, BUT HE SELDOM HAD ANY MONEY..



FITZ DIED OF PNEUMONIA SEVERAL YEARS LATER. AMERICAN BOXING HAS BEEN ENRICHED BY HIS SKILL, HIS COURAGE AND HIS COLOR. HE WAS A TRUE CHAMPION.



THE TARGET and the



THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS BECOME ACTORS IN A SUPER-COLOSSAL PRODUCTION AT THE LIBERTY STUDIOS, BUT A REAL DRAMA INTERVENES TO TEST THE BRAINS AND BRAWN OF THE FEARLESS TRIO, AND THEY COME THROUGH WITH FLYING COLORS...

NILES REED IS WALKING DOWN HOLLYWOOD BOULEVARD, WHEN SUDDENLY...

DON'T ANYONE TRY TO STOP US, OR WE'LL FILL YOU FULL O' LEAD!

GET HER IN DE CAR, MUGGBY!

LET ME GO!- UMPH!

AWAY SPEEDS THE CAR

HELP! HELP!

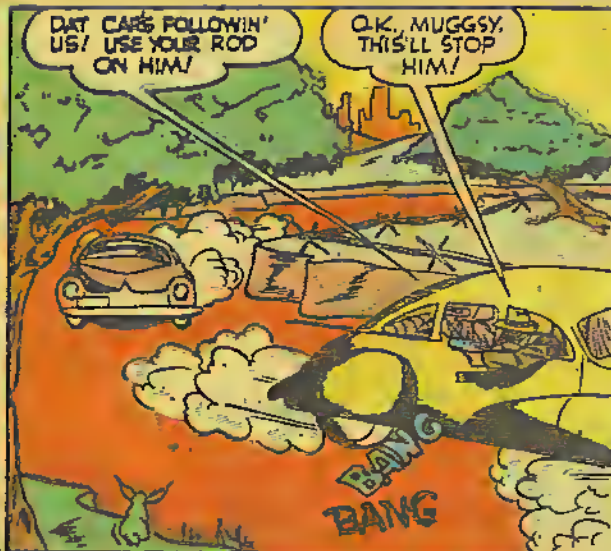
GET IN HERE, YOU!

E-E-E-H-E-L-P-E-E-E

HOLY SMOKE! A KIDNAPPING!



TARGETEERS





I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF THIS FOOLISHNESS!



NOW TO FINISH WITH YOU AND...



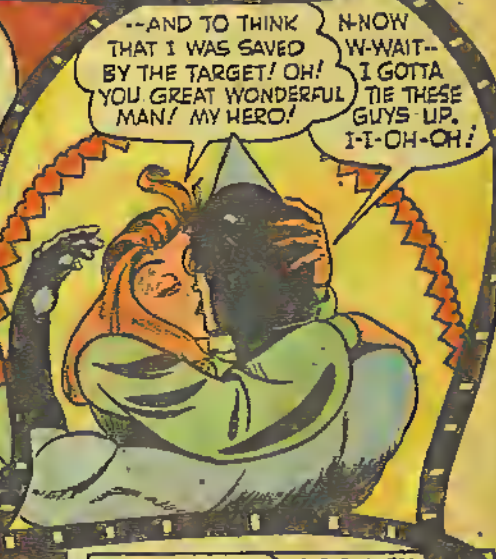
...GET TO THE GIRL!



WELL, I'LL BE--! IT'S BLANA BARNER, THE MOVIE ACTRESS! MISS BARNER, MISS BURNER! ARE YOU ALL RIGHT?

OH! THEY WERE GOING TO HOLD ME FOR RANSOM! --AND YOU SAVED ME!

I WAS MAKING A PERSONAL APPEARANCE AT THE IDEAL THEATRE, WHEN THESE MEN BARGED INTO MY DRESSING ROOM, AND DRAGGED ME OUT!



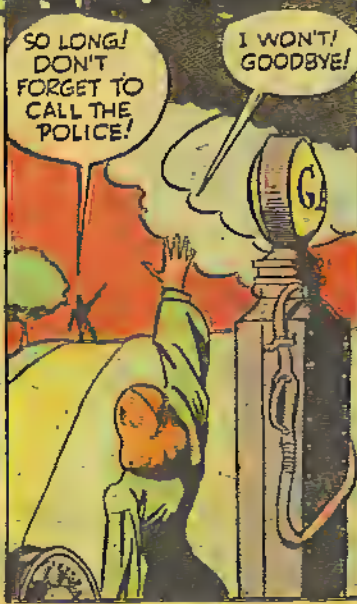
--AND TO THINK THAT I WAS SAVED BY THE TARGET! OH! YOU GREAT WONDERFUL MAN! MY HERO!

N-NOW W-WAIT-- I GOTTA TIE THESE GUYS UP. I-I-OH-OH!



WELL, NOW, THEY'RE HARMLESS. THERE'S A GAS STATION HALF A MILE DOWN THE ROAD. WE CAN CALL THE POLICE FROM THERE.

LET'S GO, TARGET!



SO LONG! DON'T FORGET TO CALL THE POLICE!

I WON'T! GOODBYE!



MISS, WAS THAT THE TARGET?

YES, I WISH I HAD HIM FOR MY LEADING MAN.

THE NEXT DAY...

HOLLYWOOD NEWS

TARGET RESCUES BLANA BARNER

TARGET CALLS TARGET "ADORABLE!"

POLICE HAD UNCONSCIOUS KIDNAPPERS

TARGET LEAVES WITH A KISS FROM MISS BARNER



BREAKFAST AT NILES REED'S APARTMENT

YOU LUCKY STIFF!
WHY DIDN'T YOU TELL
US SHE KISSED YOU?

OH, WELL, I
DIDN'T WANT
T' MAKE YOU
GUYS JEALOUS!

SAY!
HERE'S SOME-
THING!

NILES!
LOOK
HERE!

WELL
I'LL
BE-!

LET'S HAVE A CRACK
AT IT, NILES!

HELLO, HOLLYWOOD NEWS?
HERE'S AN ADVERTISEMENT:
"WILL ACCEPT OFFER IF ALL
MONEY IS DONATED TO THE
RED CROSS SIGN IT 'THE
TARGET.'"

THE
NOON
PAPERS
CONTAIN A
REPLY TO
THE TARGET'S
REQUEST.

Target: Request
granted: Come to
Liberty Studios as
soon as possible.
Good luck. "Lib
Studios."

WELL, FELLAS,
WE'RE OFF TO
BECOME ACTORS!

ARRIVING AT THE STUDIO, NILES, TOM AND DAVE
ARE GREETED BY MR. HART, OWNER OF LIBERTY STUDIOS.

OH-HO! TARGET! I
AM GLAD TO SEE YOU!
WE'LL GET TO WORK RIGHT AWAY!

THAT'S OKAY WITH US!
WHAT'S THE PICTURE
GOIN' T' BE ABOUT,
ANYWAY?

WELL, IT'S ABOUT A
GROUP OF DEBUTANTES
WHO VOLUNTEER AS
RED CROSS NURSES.
THEY GET MIXED UP
WITH SPIES AND CROOKS.
AND YOU BOYS RESCUE
THEM. BUT, NOW, COME,
I'LL INTRODUCE YOU TO
THE CAST. BLANA BARNER
IS IN IT, TARGET!

ON THE SET:

GOOD GOSH!
WHAT A
CAST!

LET ME
THROUGH!
TARGET, TARGET!

HEY, C'MON!
LET'S START
SHOOTING
THE PICTURE!

NOW, YOU
UNDERSTAND
THIS SCENE,
BOYS?

SURE, DON'T
WORRY,
DIRECTOR!

TARGET, WHEN
YOU RESCUE
ME, HOLD
ME TIGHT!

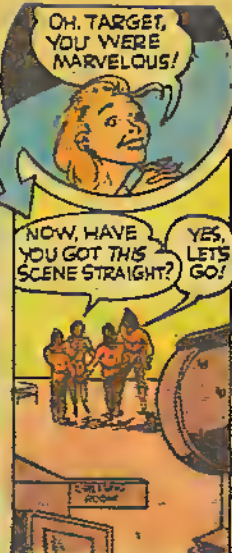
IF
THE
SCRIPT
SAYS
SO!

OH, TARGET, CAN
I HAVE YOUR
AUTOGRAPH?

LET ME
SHAKE
YOUR
HAND,
TARGET!



WITH CONSUMMATE EASE, THE FAMOUS TRIO EXECUTES THE PERILOUS SCENE.

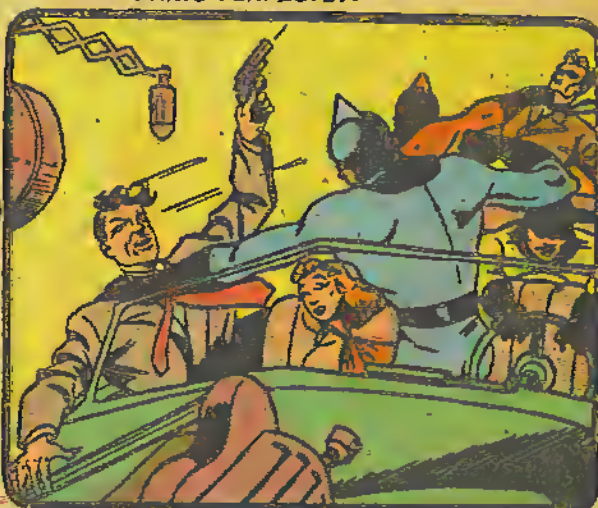


OH, TARGET, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!

NOW, HAVE YOU GOT THIS SCENE STRAIGHT?

YES, LETS GO!

THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS DO THEIR NEXT PARTS PERFECTLY.



NOW, IN THIS SCENE, TARGET, YOU SAVE THEM FROM THE CROOKS. AND-- HA, HA! DON'T WORRY! THEY'LL SHOOT BLANKS!

WHAT?

NOTHING DON! EITHER REAL BULLETS ARE USED, OR WE QUIT!

BLANKS? WHO D'YOU THINK WE ARE?

YEAH?



ANOTHER BREATHTAKING SCENE IS COMPLETED FLAWLESSLY.



WELL, THAT'S ALL FOR TODAY, FOLKS! TARGET, YOU'LL GET DIALOGUE TOMORROW. SHOOTING STARTS AT 8 A.M.

BOY! I DIDN'T KNOW MOVIE WORK WAS SO HARD!



THE NEXT MORNING, EIGHT O' CLOCK.....

SAY, EVERYBODY! CLAIRE TAMES HAS BEEN KIDNAPPED. WE NEED HER FOR THE PICTURE! JUST GOT A RANDOM NOTE! THIS IS TERRIBLE!

IT'S DIRECTOR BUTLER!





OH, I THINK SOMEONE IS KIDDING.

NO! NO! HERE - READ IT FOR YOURSELF!

I STILL CAN'T BELIEVE IT!

Check \$50,000 in suitcase at railroad station by six P.M. or Claire Tames will be disfigured.

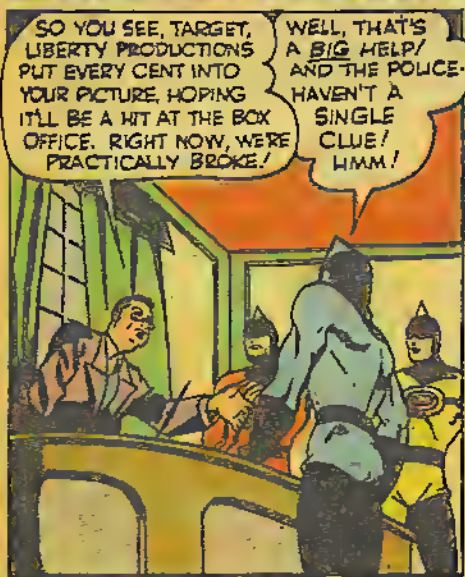


OH, TARGET, YOU MUST SAVE MY BABY! MY BEAUTIFUL DAUGHTER, DISFIGURED!

TARGET YOU'VE GOT TO DO SOMETHING!



WE'LL SEE MR. HART. HE MUST PAY THE MONEY!



SO YOU SEE, TARGET, LIBERTY PRODUCTIONS PUT EVERY CENT INTO YOUR PICTURE, HOPING IT'LL BE A HIT AT THE BOX OFFICE. RIGHT NOW, WE'RE PRACTICALLY BROKE!

WELL, THAT'S A BIG HELP! AND THE POLICE - HAVEN'T A SINGLE CLUE! UMM!



WELL, DON'T SIT THERE! CALL THE 'G' MEN! CALL THE POLICE! FIND OUT IF THEY'VE FOUND ANYTHING SINCE!



THE DEADLINE IS PASSED.

A MESSENGER BOY DELIVERS AN ENVELOPE TO MR. HART IN HIS OFFICE.



OH, THIS IS TERRIBLE! IT'S A PICTURE OF CLAIRE! IT'S HORRIBLE! WHERE DID YOU PICK THIS UP, SON!

IT WAS LEFT AT THE OFFICE WITH THIS NOTE, SIR!

NOTE? WHAT NOTE?

HERE.



HART CALLS IN THE TARGET...

LOOK! CLAIRE TAMES DISFIGURED, AND NOW A THREAT TO BORGIA BARRELL!

WOW! \$100,000! THESE GUYS TALK IN TELEPHONE NUMBERS!

I'LL GET THE BOYS!



WE CAN'T LET THEM MUTILATE HER AS THEY DID MISS TAMES. BOYS! I HAVE AN IDEA! BLANA CAN HELP US!...



-OF COURSE YOU'LL BE TAKING A RISK...

YOU SEE, ALL YOU'LL HAVE TO DO IS LET THE KIDNAPERS GET WIND OF THE FACT THAT YOU HAVE NO POLICE PROTECTION--IN OTHER WORDS, YOU'LL BE THE "BAIT."

IF YOU'RE LOOKING AFTER ME, TARGET, IT'S A DEAL!

THE EVENING PAPERS
CARRY THE STORY...

HOLLYWOOD NEWS, MAY 31/1942

STUDIO GOSSIP

by Gilly Gil

BLANA BARNER
TODAY REFUSED
POLICE PRO-
TECTION SAY-
ING: "I'M NOT
AFRAID OF
THIS COWARD-
LY CRIMINAL."

BUT, IN THE
PRIVACY OF HER
HOME, BLANA
BEGINS TO SHOW
HER FEAR.

OH, I DO HOPE
NOTHING GOES
WRONG! OH,
TARGET, DO
YOUR STUFF!

OUTSIDE, THE TARGET AND THE TARGETEERS,
TRUE TO THEIR WORD, ARE WATCHING CAREFULLY.

THAT'S
THEM!

QUIET, WE DON'T
WANT THEM TO
HEAR US!

THEY'RE
GOIN'
INSIDE...

BOY! THEY'RE
SURE STEPPING
ON IT!

SHE'S A
LITTLE
TIGER!

YEAH, SHE BIT
ME! GET HER
IN THE CAR!

I HOPE THEY PAY UP
FOR YOUR SAKE, BABY,
IT'D BE A SHAME TO
CUT YOUR PRETTY FACE UP!

YOU
DOG!

NOT TOO
CLOSE, TOM!
WE DON'T
WANT 'EM TO
SEE US!

BLANA IS BLINDFOLDED,
AND THE CAR SPURTS
FORWARD...

THEY'RE STOPPING!
STOP! QUICKLY!
WE CAN SEE WHERE
THEY GO FROM
HERE!

RIGHT!

SHE
FAINTED!

WAKE HER UP!
I WANT HER TO
WITNESS THIS NEXT
OPERATION AND
DESCRIBE IT IN A
NOTE TO HART!...
HA, HAH!

THEY SEE THE
KIDNAPPERS PULL UP TO
AN UNUSED HOLLYWOOD
RESIDENCE....

AND THE
GIRL IS
DRAGGED
INSIDE



WELL, MISS BARNER, NOW YOU'LL SEE HOW I'LL CHANGE THE APPEARANCE OF BORGIA. REALLY, LIBERTY STUDIOS SHOULD PAY WHEN I DEMAND IT! I HOPE THEY DO, FOR YOUR SAKE!

YOU BEAST!

SHE'S TIED DOWN TIGHT, BOSS!



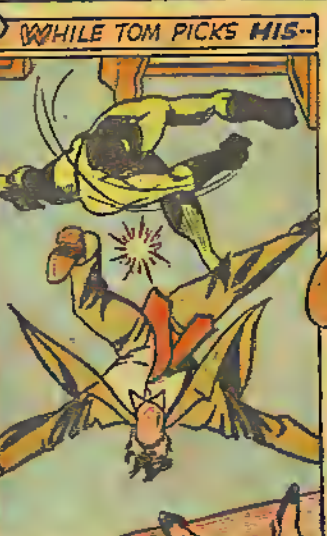
CHOOSE YOUR MAN, BOYS, AND LET 'EM HAVE IT!

HERE'S WHERE YOU GET PAID OFF! RAT!

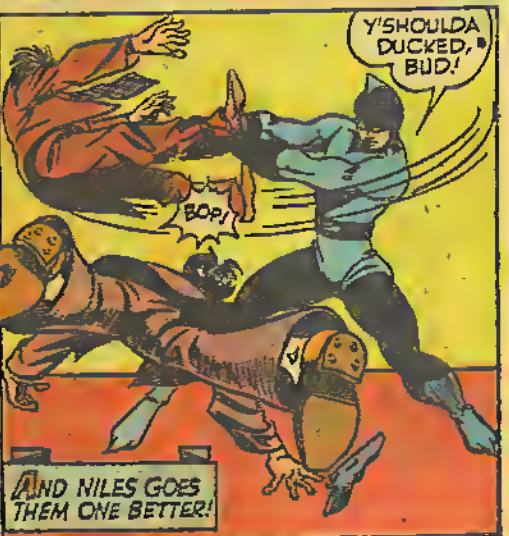
BUT THE ATTEMPT TO FRIGHTEN BLANA INTO WRITING A NOTE TO HART FALLS THROUGH!



BROTHER! I'LL TAKE GOOD CARE OF YOU!



WHILE TOM PICKS HIS--



Y' SHOULD DUCKED, BUD!

BOY!

AND NILES GOES THEM ONE BETTER!



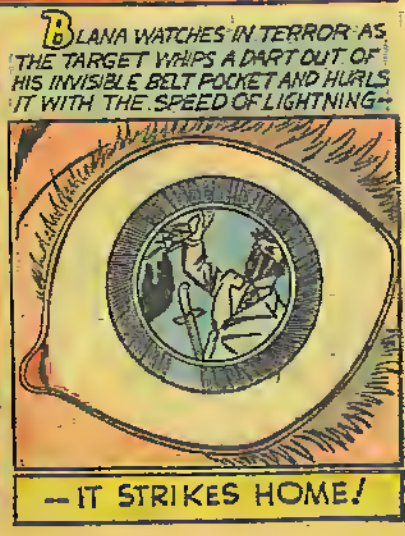
THIS FINISHES THE GANG, BOYS! GET THE LEADER!

OH-H!



OUT OF A CORNER, WHERE HE WAS CRINGING IN FEAR, RUSHES THE "BOSS."

LET ME ESCAPE OR I'LL RUN THIS KNIFE THROUGH HER HEART!



BLANA WATCHES IN TERROR AS THE TARGET WHIPS A DART OUT OF HIS INVISIBLE BELT POCKET AND HURLS IT WITH THE SPEED OF LIGHTNING--

-- IT STRIKES HOME!



YOU'RE THE ONE WHO'S GONNA GET STUCK, BUD!

WHAM!



THE CRIMINAL IS UNMASKED!
BLANA! ITS EASTLITTLE! THE MAKE-UP ARTIST! I-I- CAN'T BELIEVE IT! HE SEEMED TO BE SO PEACEFUL AND GENTLE

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT MYSELF! UNTIE ME, PLEASE TARGET!



SAY, BOYS, LOOK AROUND FOR CLAIRE TAKES WHILE I UNTIE THE GIRLS!

OK., TARGET!



HERE SHE IS, TARGET!
UNTIE ME, PLEASE!

OH, CLAIRE! HOW COULD THE BEAST DO A THING LIKE THAT TO YOU?



LOOK! ONLY MAKE-UP, GIRLS! SEE? I CAN WIPE IT OFF..... YOU DON'T KNOW HOW GLAD I AM TO SEE YOU AND THE TARGETEERS!



CLAIRE, DID YOU KNOW THAT EASTLITTLE WAS BEHIND ALL THIS?

YES--I FOUND OUT ACCIDENTALLY--SO, INTENDING TO KILL ME, HE EXPLAINED THAT HE WANTED TO BANKRUPT THE STUDIO AND BUY IT FOR HIMSELF!



IS ALL THIS TRUE, EASTLITTLE?

Y-YES--BUT I DIDN'T INTEND TO HARM THEM-- I-I--



OH, TARGET, YOU WERE MARVELOUS!

YOU, DARLING BOY!

TARGET, I OWE MY LIFE TO YOU!

EASY, GALS!



OH, WELL, I GUESS WE'RE NOTHING BUT STEP-CHILDREN, TOMMY!

YEAH, DAVE, I MIGHT AS WELL CALL THE POLICE..

THESE GALS! TCH-TCH!

THE END

